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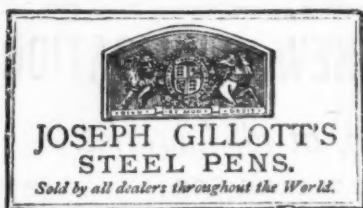
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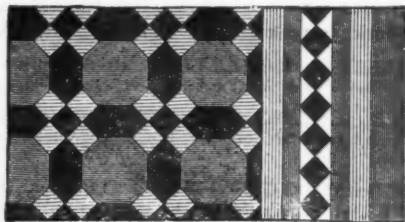
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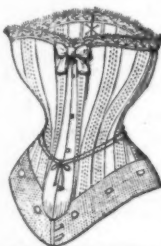
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PRICE TWOPENCE.

IS HE POPENJOY?

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XXX. THE DEAN IS VERY BUSY.

A WEEK had passed away and nothing had as yet been heard from the marquis, nor had Mr. Battle's confidential clerk as yet taken his departure for Italy, when Mrs. Montacute Jones called one day in Munster Court. Lady George had not seen her new old friend since the night of the ball to which she had not gone, but had received more than one note respecting her absence on that occasion, and various other little matters. Why did not Lady George come and lunch; and why did not Lady George come and drive? Lady George was a little afraid that there was a conspiracy about her in reference to Captain De Baron, and that Mrs. Montacute Jones was one of the conspirators. If so, Adelaide Houghton was certainly another. It had been very pleasant. When she examined herself about this man, as she endeavoured to do, she declared that it had been as innocent as pleasant. She did not really believe that either Adelaide Houghton or Mrs. Montacute Jones had intended to do mischief. Mischief, such as the alienation of her own affections from her husband, she regarded as quite out of the question. She would not even admit to herself that it was possible that she should fall into such a pit as that. But there were other dangers; and those friends of hers would indeed be dangerous if they brought her into any society that made her husband jealous. Therefore, though she liked Mrs. Montacute Jones very much, she had

avoided the old lady lately, knowing that something would be said about Jack De Baron, and not being quite confident as to her own answers.

And now Mrs. Montacute Jones had come to her. "My dear Lady George," she said, "where on earth have you been? Are you going to cut me? If so, tell me at once." "Oh, Mrs. Jones," said Lady George, kissing her, "how can you ask such a question?"

"Because you know it requires two to play at that game, and I'm not going to be cut." Mrs. Montacute Jones was a stout-built but very short old lady, with grey hair curled in precise rolls down her face, with streaky cheeks, giving her a look of extreme good health, and very bright grey eyes. She was always admirably dressed, so well dressed that her enemies accused her of spending enormous sums on her toilet. She was very old—some people said eighty, adding probably not more than ten years to her age—very enthusiastic, particularly in reference to her friends; very fond of gaiety, and very charitable. "Why didn't you come to my ball?"

"Lord George doesn't care about balls," said Mary, laughing.

"Come, come! Don't try and humbug me. It had been all arranged that you should come when he went to bed. Hadn't it now?"

"Something had been said about it."

"A good deal had been said about it, and he had agreed. Are you going to tell me that he won't go out with you, and yet dislikes your going out without him? Is he such a Bluebeard as that?"

"He's not a Bluebeard at all, Mrs. Jones."

"I hope not. There has been something about that German baroness; hasn't there?"

"Oh dear no!"

"I heard that there was. She came and took you and the brougham all about London. And there was a row with Lady Selina. I heard of it."

"But that had nothing to do with my going to your party."

"Well, no; why should it? She's a nasty woman, that Baroness Banmann. If we can't get on here in England without German baronesses and American she-doctors, we are in a bad way. You shouldn't have let them drag you into that lot. Women's rights! Women are quite able to hold their own without such trash as that. I'm told she's in debt everywhere, and can't pay a shilling. I hope they'll lock her up."

"She is nothing to me, Mrs. Jones."

"I hope not. What was it then? I know there was something. He doesn't object to Captain De Baron; does he?"

"Object to him! Why should he object to Captain De Baron?"

"I don't know why. Men! do take such fancies into their heads. You are not going to give up dancing; are you?"

"Not altogether. I'm not sure that I care for it very much."

"Oh Lady George; where do you expect to go to?" Mary could not keep herself from laughing, though she was at the same time almost inclined to be angry with the old lady's interference. "I should have said that I didn't know a young person in the world fonder of dancing than you are. Perhaps he objects to it."

"He doesn't like my waltzing," said Mary, with a blush. On former occasions she had almost made up her mind to confide her troubles to this old woman, and now the occasion seemed so suitable that she could not keep herself from telling so much as that.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Montacute Jones. "That's it! I knew there was something. My dear, he's a goose, and you ought to tell him so."

"Couldn't you tell him," said Mary, laughing.

"Would do it in half a minute, and think nothing of it!"

"Pray, don't. He wouldn't like it at all."

"My dear, you shouldn't be afraid of him. I'm not going to preach up rebellion against husbands. I'm the last woman in

London to do that. I know the comfort of a quiet house as well as anyone, and that two people can't get along easy together unless there is a good deal of give and take. But it doesn't do to give up everything. What does he say about it?"

"He says he doesn't like it."

"What would he say if you told him you didn't like his going to his club?"

"He wouldn't go."

"Nonsense! It's being a dog in the manger, because he doesn't care for it himself. I should have it out with him, nicely and pleasantly. Just tell him that you're fond of it, and ask him to change his mind. I can't bear anybody interfering to put down the innocent pleasures of young people. A man like that just opens his mouth and speaks a word, and takes away the whole pleasure of a young woman's season! You've got my card for the 10th of June?"

"Oh yes, I've got it."

"And I shall expect you to come. It's only going to be a small affair. Get him to bring you if you can, and you do as I bid you. Just have it out with him, nicely and quietly. Nobody hates a row so much as I do, but people oughtn't to be trampled on."

All this had considerable effect upon Lady George. She quite agreed with Mrs. Jones that people ought not to be trampled on. Her father had never trampled on her. From him there had been very little positive ordering, as to what she might and what she might not do. And yet she had been only a child when living with her father. Now she was a married woman, and the mistress of her own house. She was quite sure that were she to ask her father, the dean would say that such a prohibition as this was absurd. Of course she could not ask her father. She would not appeal from her husband to him. But it was a hardship, and she almost made up her mind that she would request him to revoke the order.

Then she was very much troubled by a long letter from the Baroness Banmann. The baroness was going to bring an action jointly against Lady Selina Protest and Miss Mildmay, whom the reader will know as Aunt Ju; and informed Lady George that she was to be summoned as a witness. This was for awhile a grievous affliction to her. "I know nothing about it," she said to her husband, "I only just went

there once because Miss Mildmay asked me."

"It was a very foolish thing for her to do."

"And I was foolish, perhaps; but what can I say about it? I don't know anything."

"You shouldn't have bought those other tickets."

"How could I refuse when the woman asked for such a trifle?"

"Then you took her to Miss Mildmay's."

"She would get into the brougham, and I couldn't get rid of her. Hadn't I better write and tell her that I know nothing about it?" But to this Lord George objected, requesting her altogether to hold her peace on the subject, and never even to speak about it to anyone. He was not good-humoured with her, and this was clearly no occasion for asking him about the waltzing. Indeed, just at present he rarely was in a good humour, being much troubled in his mind on the great Popenjoy question.

At this time the dean was constantly up in town, running backwards and forwards between London and Brotherton, prosecuting his enquiry and spending a good deal of his time at Mr. Battle's offices. In doing all this he by no means acted in perfect concert with Lord George, nor did he often stay or even dine at the house in Munster Court. There had been no quarrel, but he found that Lord George was not cordial with him, and therefore placed himself at the hotel in Suffolk Street. "Why doesn't papa come here as he is in town?" Mary said to her husband.

"I don't know why he comes to town at all," replied her husband.

"I suppose he comes because he has business, or because he likes it. I shouldn't think of asking why he comes; but as he is here, I wish he wouldn't stay at a nasty dull hotel after all that was arranged."

"You may be sure he knows what he likes best," said Lord George, sulkily. That allusion to "arrangement" had not served to put him in a good humour.

Mary had known well why her father was so much in London, and had in truth known also why he did not come to Munster Court. She could perceive that her father and husband were drifting into unfriendly relations, and greatly regretted it. In her heart she took her father's part. She was not keen as he was in this matter of the little Popenjoy, being re-

strained by a feeling that it would not become her to be over anxious for her own elevation or for the fall of others; but she had always sympathised with her father in everything, and therefore she sympathised with him in this. And then there was gradually growing upon her a conviction that her father was the stronger man of the two, the more reasonable, and certainly the kinder. She had thoroughly understood when the house was furnished, very much at the dean's expense, that he was to be a joint occupant in it when it might suit him to be in London. He himself had thought less about this, having rather submitted to the suggestion as an excuse for his own liberality than contemplated any such final arrangement. But Lord George remembered it. The house would certainly be open to him should he choose to come; but Lord George would not press it.

Mr. Stokes had thought it proper to go in person to Manor Cross, in order that he might receive instructions from the marquis. "Upon my word, Mr. Stokes," said the marquis, "only that I would not seem to be uncourteous to you, I should feel disposed to say that this interview can do no good."

"It is a very serious matter, my lord."

"It is a very serious annoyance, certainly, that my own brother and sisters should turn against me, and give me all this trouble because I have chosen to marry a foreigner. It is simply an instance of that pigheaded English blindness which makes us think that everything outside our own country is, or ought to be, given up to the devil. My sisters are very religious, and, I daresay, very good women. But they are quite willing to think that I and my wife ought to be damned because we talk Italian, and that my son ought to be disinherited because he was not baptised in an English church. They have got this stupid story into their heads, and they must do as they please about it. I will have no hand in it. I will take care that there shall be no difficulty in my son's way when I die."

"That will be right, of course, my lord."

"I know where all this comes from. My brother, who is an idiot, has married the daughter of a vulgar clergyman, who thinks in his ignorance that he can make his grandson, if he has one, an English nobleman. He'll spend his money and he'll burn his fingers, and I don't care how

much money he spends or how much he burns his hands. I don't suppose his purse is so very long but that he may come to the bottom of it." This was nearly all that passed between Mr. Stokes and the marquis. Mr. Stokes then went back to town, and gave Mr. Battle to understand that nothing was to be done on their side.

The dean was very anxious that the confidential clerk should be despatched, and at one time almost thought that he would go himself. "Better not, Mr. Dean. Everybody would know," said Mr. Battle.

"And I should intend everybody to know," said the dean. "Do you suppose that I am doing anything that I'm ashamed of?"

"But being a dignitary——" began Mr. Battle.

"What has that to do with it? A dignitary, as you call it, is not to see his child robbed of her rights. I only want to find the truth, and I shall never take shame to myself in looking for that by honest means." But Mr. Battle prevailed, persuading the dean that the confidential clerk, even though he confined himself to honest means, would reach his point more certainly than a dean of the Church of England.

But still there was delay. Mr. Stokes did not take his journey down to Brotherton quite as quickly as he perhaps might have done, and then there was a prolonged correspondence carried on through an English lawyer settled at Leghorn. But at last the man was sent. "I think we know this," said Mr. Battle to the dean on the day before the man started—"there were certainly two marriages. One of them took place as much as five years ago, and the other after his lordship had written to his brother."

"Then the first marriage must have been nothing," said the dean.

"It does not follow. It may have been a legal marriage, although the parties chose to confirm it by a second ceremony."

"But when did the man Luigi die?"

"And where and how? That is what we have got to find out. I shouldn't wonder if we found that he had been for years a lunatic."

Almost all this the dean communicated to Lord George, being determined that his son-in-law should be seen to act in co-operation with him. They met occasionally in Mr. Battle's chambers, and sometimes by appointment in Munster

Court. "It is essentially necessary that you should know what is being done," said the dean to his son-in-law. Lord George fretted and fumed, and expressed an opinion that as the matter had been put into a lawyer's hands it had better be left there. But the dean had very much his own way.

CHAPTER XXXI. THE MARQUIS MIGRATES TO LONDON.

SOON after Mr. Stokes's visit there was a great disturbance at Manor Cross, whether caused or not by that event no one was able to say. The marquis and all the family were about to proceed to London. The news first reached Cross Hall through Mrs. Toff, who still kept up friendly relations with a portion of the English establishment at the great house. There probably was no idea of maintaining a secret on the subject. The marquis and his wife, with Lord Popenjoy and the servants, could not have had themselves carried up to town without the knowledge of all Brotherton, nor was there any adequate reason for supposing that secrecy was desired. Nevertheless Mrs. Toff made a great deal of the matter, and the ladies at Cross Hall were not without a certain perturbed interest as though in a mystery. It was first told to Lady Sarah, for Mrs. Toff was quite aware of the position of things, and knew that the old marchioness herself was not to be regarded as being on their side. "Yes, my lady, it's quite true," said Mrs. Toff. "The horses is ordered for next Friday." This was said on the previous Saturday, so that considerable time was allowed for the elucidation of the mystery. "And the things is already being packed, and her ladyship—that is, if she is her ladyship—is taking every dress and every rag as she brought with her."

"Where are they going to, Toff? Not to the Square?" Now the Marquis of Brotherton had an old family house in Cavendish Square, which, however, had been shut up for the last ten or fifteen years, but was still known as the family house by all the adherents of the family.

"No, my lady. I did hear from one of the servants that they are going to Scumberg's Hotel, in Albemarle Street."

Then Lady Sarah told the news to her mother. The poor old lady felt that she was ill-used. She had been at any rate true to her eldest son, had always taken his part during his absence by scolding

her daughters whenever an allusion was made to the family at Manor Cross, and had almost worshipped him when he would come to her on Sunday. And now he was going off to London without saying a word to her of the journey. "I don't believe that Toff knows anything about it," she said. "Toff is a nasty, meddling creature, and I wish she had not come here at all." The management of the marchioness under these circumstances was very difficult, but Lady Sarah was a woman who allowed no difficulty to crush her. She did not expect the world to be very easy. She went on with her constant needle, trying to comfort her mother as she worked. At this time the marchioness had almost brought herself to quarrel with her younger son, and would say very hard things about him and about the dean. She had more than once said that Mary was a "nasty sly thing," and had expressed herself as greatly aggrieved by that marriage. All this came of course from the marquis, and was known by her daughters to come from the marquis; and yet the marchioness had never as yet been allowed to see either her daughter-in-law or Popenjoy.

On the following day her son came to her when the three sisters were at church in the afternoon. On these occasions he would stay for a quarter of an hour, and would occupy the greater part of the time in abusing the dean and Lord George. But on this day she could not refrain from asking him a question. "Are you going up to London, Brotherton?"

"What makes you ask?"

"Because they tell me so. Sarah says that the servants are talking about it."

"I wish Sarah had something to do better than listening to the servants!"

"But you are going?"

"If you want to know, I believe we shall go up to town for a few days. Popenjoy ought to see a dentist, and I want to do a few things. Why the deuce shouldn't I go up to London as well as anyone else?"

"Of course, if you wish it."

"To tell you the truth, I don't much wish anything, except to get out of this cursed country again."

"Don't say that, Brotherton. You are an Englishman."

"I am ashamed to say I am. I wish with all my heart that I had been born a Chinese or a Red Indian." This he said, not in furtherance of any peculiar cosmo-

politan proclivities, but because the saying of it would vex his mother. "What am I to think of the country, when the moment I get here I am hounded by all my own family, because I choose to live after my own fashion and not after theirs?"

"I haven't hounded you."

"No. You might possibly get more by being on good terms with me than bad. And so might they if they knew it. I'll be even with Master George before I've done with him; and I'll be even with that parson, too, who still smells of the stables. I'll lead him a dance that will about ruin him. And as for his daughter——"

"It wasn't I got up the marriage, Brotherton."

"I don't care who got it up. But I can have enquiries made as well as another person. I am not very fond of spies; but if other people use spies, so can I too. That young woman is no better than she ought to be. The dean, I daresay, knows it; but he shall know that I know it. And Master George shall know what I think about it. As there is to be war, he shall know what it is to have war. She has got a lover of her own already, and everybody who knows them is talking about it."

"Oh, Brotherton!"

"And she is going in for women's rights! George has made a nice thing of it for himself. He has to live on the dean's money, so that he doesn't dare to call his soul his own. And yet he's fool enough to send a lawyer to me to tell me that my wife is——!" He made use of very plain language, so that the poor old woman was horrified and aghast and dumfounded. And as he spoke the words, there was a rage in his eyes worse than anything she had seen before. He was standing with his back to the fire, which was burning though the weather was warm, and the tails of his coat were hanging over his arms as he kept his hands in his pockets. He was generally quiescent in his moods, and apt to express his anger in sarcasm rather than in outspoken language; but now he was so much moved that he was unable not to give vent to his feelings. As the marchioness looked at him, shaking with fear, there came into her distracted mind some vague idea of Cain and Abel, though had she collected her thoughts she would have been far from telling herself that her eldest son was Cain. "He thinks," continued the marquis, "that because I have lived abroad I shan't mind that sort

of thing. I wonder how he'll feel when I tell him the truth about his wife? I mean to do it; and what the dean will think when I use a little plain language about his daughter? I mean to do that too. I shan't mince matters. I suppose you have heard of Captain De Baron, mother?"

Now the marchioness unfortunately had heard of Captain De Baron. Lady Susanna had brought the tidings down to Cross Hall. Had Lady Susanna really believed that her sister-in-law was wickedly entertaining a lover, there would have been some reticence in her mode of alluding to so dreadful a subject. The secret would have been confided to Lady Sarah in awful conclave, and some solemn warning would have been conveyed to Lord George, with a prayer that he would lose no time in withdrawing the unfortunate young woman from evil influences. But Lady Susanna had entertained no such fear. Mary was young, and foolish, and fond of pleasure. Hard as was this woman in her manner, and disagreeable as she made herself, yet she could, after a fashion, sympathise with the young wife. She had spoken of Captain De Baron with disapprobation certainly, but had not spoken of him as a fatal danger. And she had spoken also of the Baroness Banmann, and Mary's folly in going to the Institute. The old marchioness had heard of these things, and now, when she heard further of them from her son, she almost believed all that he told her. "Don't be hard upon poor George," she said.

"I give as I get, mother. I'm not one of those who return good for evil. Had he left me alone, I should have left him alone. As it is, I rather think I shall be hard upon poor George. Do you suppose that all Brotherton hasn't heard already, what they are doing—that there is a man or a woman in the county who doesn't know that my own brother is questioning the legitimacy of my own son? And then you ask me not to be hard."

"It isn't my doing, Brotherton."

"But those three girls have their hand in it. That's what they call charity! That's what they go to church for!"

All this made the poor old marchioness very ill. Before her son left her she was almost prostrate; and yet, to the end, he did not spare her. But as he left he said one word which apparently was intended to comfort her. "Perhaps Popenjoy had better be brought here for you to see,

before he is taken up to town." There had been a promise made before that the child should be brought to the hall to bless his grandmother. On this occasion she had been too much horrified and overcome by what had been said to urge her request; but when the proposition was renewed by him of course she assented.

Popenjoy's visit to Cross Hall was arranged with a good deal of state, and was made on the following Tuesday. On the Monday there came a message to say that the child should be brought up at twelve on the following day. The marquis was not coming himself, and the child would of course be inspected by all the ladies. At noon they were assembled in the drawing-room; but they were kept there waiting for half an hour, during which the marchioness repeatedly expressed her conviction that now, at the last moment, she was to be robbed of the one great desire of her heart. "He won't let him come, because he's so angry with George," she said, sobbing.

"He wouldn't have sent a message yesterday, mother," said Lady Amelia, "if he hadn't meant to send him."

"You are all so very unkind to him," ejaculated the marchioness.

But at half-past twelve the cortège appeared. The child was brought up in a perambulator which had at first been pushed by the under-nurse, an Italian, and accompanied by the upper-nurse, who was of course an Italian also. With them had been sent one of the Englishmen to show the way. Perhaps the two women had been somewhat ill-treated, as no true idea of the distance had been conveyed to them; and though they had now been some weeks at Manor Cross, they had never been half so far from the house. Of course the labour of the perambulator had soon fallen to the man; but the two nurses, who had been forced to walk a mile, had thought that they would never come to the end of their journey. When they did arrive they were full of complaints, which, however, no one could understand. But Popenjoy was at last brought into the hall.

"My darling!" said the marchioness, putting out both her arms. But Popenjoy, though a darling, screamed frightfully beneath his heap of clothes.

"You had better let him come into the room, mamma," said Lady Susanna. Then the nurse carried him in, and one or two of his outer garments were taken from him.

"Dear me, how black he is!" said Lady Susanna.

The marchioness turned upon her daughter in great anger. "The Germains were always dark," she said. "You're dark yourself—quite as black as he is. My darling!"

She made another attempt to take the boy; but the nurse with voluble eloquence explained something which of course none of them understood. The purport of her speech was an assurance that "Tavo," as she most unceremoniously called the child whom no Germain thought of naming otherwise than as Popenjoy, never would go to any "foreigner." The nurse therefore held him up to be looked at for two minutes while he still screamed, and then put him back into his covering raiments. "He is very black," said Lady Sarah severely.

"So are some people's hearts," said the marchioness, with a vigour for which her daughters had hardly given her credit. This, however, was borne without a murmur by the three sisters.

On the Friday the whole family, including all the Italian servants, migrated to London, and it certainly was the case that the lady took with her all her clothes and everything that she had brought with her. Toff had been quite right there. And when it came to be known by the younger ladies at Cross Hall that Toff had been right, they argued from the fact that their brother had concealed something of the truth, when saying that he intended to go to London only for a few days. There had been three separate carriages, and Toff was almost sure that the Italian lady had carried off more than she had brought with her, so exuberant had been the luggage. It was not long before Toff effected an entrance into the house, and brought away a report that very many things were missing. "The two little gilt cream-jugs is gone," she said to Lady Sarah, "and the minitsbur with the pearl sittings out of the yellow drawing-room!" Lady Sarah explained that these things were the property of her brother; he or his wife might of course take them away if so pleased. "She's got 'em unbeknownst to my lord, my lady," said Toff, shaking her head. "I could only just scurry through with half an eye; but when I comes to look there will be more, I warrant you, my lady."

The marquis had expressed so much vehement dislike of everything about his

English home, and it had become so generally understood that his Italian wife hated the place, that everybody agreed that they would not come back. Why should they? What did they get by living there? The lady had not been outside the house a dozen times, and only twice beyond the park gate. The marquis took no share in any county or any country pursuit. He went to no man's house, and received no visitors. He would not see the tenants when they came to him, and had not even returned a visit, except Mr. De Baron's. Why had he come there at all? That was the question which all the Brothershire people asked of each other, and which no one could answer. Mr. Price suggested that it was just devilry—to make everybody unhappy. Mrs. Toff thought that it was the woman's doing—because she wanted to steal silver mugs, miniatures, and such like treasures. Mr. Waddy, the vicar of the parish, said that it was "a trial," having probably some idea in his own mind that the marquis had been sent home by Providence as a sort of precious blister, which would purify all concerned in him by counter irritation. The old marchioness still conceived that it had been brought about that a grandmother might take delight in the presence of her grandchild. Dr. Pountner said that it was impudence. But the dean was of opinion that it had been deliberately planned with the view of passing off a supposititious child upon the property and title. The dean, however, kept his opinion very much to himself.

Of course tidings of the migration were sent to Munster Court. Lady Sarah wrote to her brother, and the dean wrote to his daughter. "What shall you do, George? Shall you go and see him?"

"I don't know what I shall do?"

"Ought I to go?"

"Certainly not. You could only call on her, and she has not even seen my mother and sisters. When I was there he would not introduce me to her, though he sent for the child. I suppose I had better go. I do not want to quarrel with him if I can help it."

"You have offered to do everything together with him, if only he would let you."

"I must say that your father has driven me on in a manner which Brotherton would be sure to resent."

"Papa has done everything from a sense of duty, George."

"Perhaps so. I don't know how that

is. It is very hard sometimes to divide a sense of duty from one's own interest. But it has made me very miserable—very wretched, indeed."

"Oh, George; is it my fault?"

"No; not your fault. If there is one thing worse to me than another, it is the feeling of being divided from my own family. Brotherton has behaved badly to me."

"Very badly."

"And yet I would give anything to be on good terms with him. I think I shall go and call. He is at an hotel in Albemarle Street. I have done nothing to deserve ill of him, if he knew all."

It should, of course, be understood that Lord George did not at all know the state of his brother's mind towards him, except as it had been exhibited at that one interview which had taken place between them at Manor Cross. He was aware that in every conversation which he had had with the lawyers—both with Mr. Battle and Mr. Stokes—he had invariably expressed himself as desirous of establishing the legitimacy of the boy's birth. If Mr. Stokes had repeated to his brother what he had said, and had done him the justice of explaining that in all that he did he was simply desirous of performing his duty to the family, surely his brother would not be angry with him! At any rate, it would not suit him to be afraid of his brother, and he went to the hotel. After being kept waiting in the hall for about ten minutes, the Italian courier came down to him. The marquis at the present moment was not dressed, and Lord George did not like being kept waiting. Would Lord George call at three o'clock on the following day? Lord George said that he would, and was again at Scumberg's Hotel at three o'clock on the next afternoon.

HIGH PRESSURE AT ST. STEPHEN'S.

It is four o'clock on a certain dark, damp, foggy February afternoon, and in the neighbourhood of Pall Mall and St. James's Park there is a restlessness which hints that something remarkable is in progress, or that something momentous is shortly expected to occur. It is not a levée-day, and no gorgeous uniforms hurry across the street, of flash past in the blaze of glittering glory in brougham or cab. There is no long queue of carriages in the main thoroughfare. Yet carriages of every sort, from the ponderous family barouche to

the gay and rakish victoria there are, and for the most part they are bound pretty much in the same direction. As you stand at the entrance leading into St. James's Park, a score of these conveyances pass you in the course of two or three minutes. And along the pavement, at intervals, in groups of twos and threes, or singly, Her Majesty's faithful Lords and Commons stroll on foot to the same destination.

We have come to Palace Yard; the twilight deepens, the fog thickens, the roar of traffic along the Westminster Bridge Road is audible; occasionally you catch the sound of the shrill whistle on the Metropolitan Railway and the mysterious rumble of subterranean engines. As for Palace Yard, it grows every minute fuller and fuller of cabs and carriages, and of masses of enthusiastic and excited spectators as well. They form an avenue in front of the entrance into the great hall, and they greet their favourite statesmen with volleys of applause. The rank and file of the representatives of the people pass without recognition, though, in the case of the metropolitan members, some zealous constituent generally raises a cheer as he sees the politician of his choice, which—cheers in a crowd being as infectious as measles in the nursery—is at once taken up and prolonged till some statesman, whose person is as familiar as his career, makes his appearance, and is greeted with salvos of acclamation. There is nothing very noticeable about the great man. He is of the middle height; he stoops a little; he has a lightish beard and whiskers, which are just tinged with grey; he wears spectacles; and he walks with rather a quick step, looking neither to the right nor left. As he passes he bows more than once; and who shall say that the sound of the ringing plaudits does not fall pleasantly on his ears and convey a comfortable hint to his anxious soul! He is, perhaps, not exactly what would be called a heaven-born statesman. He is not an orator like Canning; he does not display the skill of a Palmerston in fathoming the secrets of European diplomacy. But he has the confidence of his countrymen, who know that he will make no great mistake, and that their main interests are safe in his keeping.

Presently there is another arrival. He has just left his carriage, and as he proceeds bravely to run the gauntlet of the crowd, the face of a lady, young no longer, but still full of womanly beauty, looks out

from the brougham. His step is light and firm; his face, pale as death, but strong and resolute. He is a man who has never quailed before an angry crowd, who, as a politician, has always had his foot in the stirrup, and, as a speaker, has always carried his lance in rest. But, in truth, he has seldom had occasion to dread the clamouring of an angry mob. He has been the people's hero, and the sounds which have almost always greeted him have been those that testified an unshakeable belief in his genius and his virtues. It is a curious, even a menacing, conflict of noises which awaits him now. There are cheers, and there are groans; there are hisses, and then there are cheers again. He walks very swiftly; no muscle quivers; the only change visible in his countenance is that the pallor of his cheeks grows deadlier, and his figure more erect. By what curious fatality is it that this statesman—who has been before the public for well-nigh half a century, and during most of that time has been among those who share the responsibility for the conduct of the Queen's Government—is followed by the veteran and victorious chief, who has been during nearly the whole of this period his peculiar rival and special foe? By what strange chance does he, this hero of the fiercest parliamentary fights, which, since 1832, the century has seen, on this afternoon, above all others, select as his approach to the illustrious chamber in which he has won himself a place, the great hall, before whose portals are ranged the outside critics of parliamentary statesmanship? If the approving thunder pealed forth from hundreds of lungs is a trustworthy indication of the minds and wishes of men, this is the statesman whom England has made up its mind to trust, and whom it delights to honour. A noticeable old man this, as, unaccompanied by friend or secretary, he picks his way through the ranks of his admirers. His step is very slow, and his gait apparently feeble. He looks, for the most part, straight in front of him, but occasionally turns a kind of abstracted stare to the faces of his admirers. He neither fears nor defies the popular verdict. Be it what it may, he has trust in himself.

Let us follow his footsteps up to the point where the paths separate, one leading to the chamber of the elective, and the other to that of the hereditary legislature. The seats in the spacious passage conducting us to the central hall, whence another channel constitutes the approach

to the lobby of the House of Commons, are occupied, every inch of them, with persons vainly hoping that some chance may offer them a seat in the Strangers' Gallery. We pass into the outer lobby of the House of Commons. Here there is much the same avenue of expectant humanity at the entrance of the corridor along which the visitor is led to the lobby itself, as we have already seen stationed at the doors of the great hall. "The public," as the policemen in charge call them, will press forward, will break the line on the slightest provocation. And what is the public doing? It is anxiously awaiting the announcement that the Member of Parliament, to whom it has sent in its card, will see it presently, or that it will be solicited by that gentleman to enter the inner sanctum, the veritable atrium of the Commons House of Parliament. A trying ordeal this to the patience and charity which is not capable of bearing and hoping all things. But it comes to an end at last. We have been rewarded after much waiting. We have contrived to score a success over those who are lamenting the results of the ballot, and we have established ourselves in a good place, whence we can survey with comprehensive view whatever takes place in the House itself, and all the chief honourable members who are therein.

To right and left the galleries are packed as close as sheep-pens. Honourable members and a few officials of the House cluster round the Speaker's chair. The Peers' Gallery, just above the clock, has neither sitting nor standing space left. As for the Strangers' Gallery, and the gallery reserved for ambassadors and distinguished persons, they are not merely full to overflowing, but the steps leading to them are in the possession of a crowd of candidates for admission, disgusted and disconsolate as the Peris at the Gate of Paradise. Yet the body of the House seems comparatively vacant. None the less, however, there is not a seat available; if you look a little more closely, you will see that, where no honourable member happens to be established, a card is placed in the little brass frame on the back of the bench, and the intimation is thus given to all would-be occupants, that the seat is appropriated for the night. Wait a minute or two, and you shall see every successive foot of those same green leather-covered benches, seized upon by representatives of the people. They stream in, one by one, and two by

twos, while certain cabalistic formulæ are being recited, which indicate the transaction of unopposed business. The process is quite complete, and a dense mass of parliamentary humanity has gathered on the right of the chair of the Serjeant-at-Arms, immediately in front of the portals of the chamber, long before the petitions have been deposited at the table, and the questions have been asked. As for the former—the petitions—they are of a declaratory rather than of a prayerful nature. They simply state, for the most part, the confidence of the signatories in the policy of the Government, and they breathe the spirit of uncompromising hatred and distrust of Russian good faith and moderation. Honourable members one by one march up to the table, signify in a few words, quite inaudible, the purport of the mass of documents before them, and then with a bow deposit the papers in the receptacle duly prepared for them. The questions are of a mixed character, most of them having neither urgency nor interest. But there are some, the replies to which seem as if they must necessarily contain the issues of peace and war, and the silence, when we come to them, is profound. The only sounds audible are the voice of the clerk at the table, who summons the questioner, of the questioner himself, of his ministerial respondent, of the crackling of paper as the gentlemen of the House of Commons turn over the leaves of the orders of the day, and of the dull murmur of suppressed chatter in the distance. This tranquillity is not to last long. An honourable gentleman has announced that he will enquire of her Majesty's Government, whether Russia is to be allowed to convert both European and Asiatic Turkey into a tribute province—or put an interrogatory, which may be thought to ask in effect almost as much. "No, sir," replies the representative of Her Majesty's Government. "We are not prepared to be parties to any such flagrant breach of international law." Whereupon there ensues a mighty tempest of cheers, and we feel at once that the excitement of the evening has begun, and that the pent-up electricity with which the air has been charged, has burst forth.

It is a true omen. There is a pause after the long string of interrogations has been gone through, and then the Speaker puts the issue which is before the House. The original motion is that the House shall resolve itself into committee for a very definite purpose—a purpose that is repre-

sented as being indissolubly bound up with, and indeed absolutely essential to, the well-being of the British Empire. To this motion an amendment has been moved, and though the fate both of the amendment and motion is not matter of uncertainty, the expectation of the House of Commons, corresponding to that of the country, is wound up to fever pitch. What will the chieftains on either side say and do? What new arguments will they be able to advance? What degree of confidence will they respectively conciliate? Will any new laurels be reaped, will any fresh reputations be won? It is known that so many honourable gentlemen in all have made up their minds to speak; that such and such an one is expected to speak to-night; that a division on one or other of the above-named issues is to-night imminent or probable. It may be that the path of the real debating business is blocked by some "personal incident." An honourable gentleman, whose sentences are capitally constructed, and whose voice is clear and bitter, rises to protest that he has been gratuitously vilified by a right honourable gentleman on the Treasury Bench. He is very short, very sharp, very dogmatic and positive—not in the slightest degree querulous in the enunciation of his grievance. The right honourable gentleman incriminated rises to explain what he said, why he said it, and what he meant. Then comes a wrangle of tongues, amid a tumult that is indescribable, first one Member of Parliament, bobbing up his head amid shrieks for silence and order, and then another. Tempers are becoming heated, and patience exhausted. A politician, who has an unpleasantly plain way of putting matters, suggests that the real problem is whether the right honourable gentleman intended to insinuate that the honourable member ought to have his place in an unmentionable category of baseness. This brings things to a head. There are explanations, verbal refinements, compromises—nothing, indeed, is really retracted, and nothing is definitely settled. But the matter is allowed to drop, and in a ruffled and agitated mood the House addresses itself to the business of the night, while the impartial spectator finds himself irresistibly reminded of the difference of opinion between Mr. Blotter and Mr. Pickwick, as recorded in the first chapter of the history of the Pickwick Club.

Perfectly calm in the midst of a discordant hurricane of cheers and hisses, the

statesman who has done, as is said, so much both of good and evil for his country, and who is at the present moment practically taking his trial at the bar of public opinion on a charge of high treason, rises. His voice is low, his manner admirably collected. He has, before commencing his speech, taken care to see that everything he may want in the course of its delivery—books of reference, pens, paper, sundry documents, and a carafe of water—are within easy distance. He has not merely done all this, but he has done it as tranquilly, with as complete an absence of flurry or excitement, as if he had been about to sit down in his own study for a hard morning's work with his pen. His language is of striking moderation, and his propositions are such that no sane man can surely dispute them. Presently something of a change comes over the spirit of his utterances. He has heard some side remark; his senses have been influenced by some ironical cheer or some aggressive "No, no." In a moment the speaker is transformed. He ceases to be the calm, common-sense exponent of commonplace views. His mind appears to revolve with the rapidity of a potter's wheel, and with each revolution some spark, that rapidly spreads to a mighty flame, is struck out. Long before he has done the House is in a state of suppressed uproar, and the orator who follows him seems to go through the empty pretence of putting the buttons on the foils. He has a fine presence and a gallant manner, this right honourable and right slashing parliamentarian. He hits right and left, and every hit tells. The feelings of the House cannot be repressed, and every sentence provokes a volley of plaudits, or of sounds which end in the plaudits of an omnipotent majority. It is long past the dinner hour, yet honourable members forget their hunger in the all-consuming excitement, and only when the splendid exhibition of skill and eloquence is over, do they drag themselves away.

Then, of course, there comes a lull. It is not in human nature to have gone through all that has been gone through in the course of the last four hours without some feeling of exhaustion, and so for the space of eighty minutes the condition of the House is one of emptiness and languor. When the battle is renewed, its salient features are entirely changed. As yet we have had what may be best compared to the magnificent thunder of two rival fortresses. Now there is a brisk interchange

of fire along the whole line of two armies. The political sharpshooters stand forth, and in clever and telling speeches of twenty minutes discharge a raking fire into the ranks of their opponents, and the rest of the evening is occupied with a series of duels, in the order of which the chiefs of the two sets of combatants exercise their authority and give counsel. But let us suppose that even then the mighty hostilities are not concluded—in other words, that the final issue is, without more ado, to be decided. The Speaker has for the last time put the question. The cry, "Division! 'vision! 'vision!" has been rung out by party whips and understrappers. The division bells have been set ringing from one end of the vast building to the other. Scouts have been despatched in swift hansom to the clubs, to collect laggards and deserters, and diners and smokers at the St. Stephen's Club hard by have been startled by the sudden sound of the electric bell. They have mustered at last, the galleries have been filled, and a closely-packed phalanx has been collected under the Peers' Gallery. The final order is given—eyes to the right, and noses to the left. Slowly and quietly do they file out into the respective lobbies. The doorkeepers come in, see that no honourable member is left behind, peer under the benches, and lock the doors. In the course of two or three minutes, they begin to defile on their return journey through the re-opened portals. At last, in the space perhaps of a quarter of an hour, the House is completely refilled. The four tellers, bowing at every step, march up to the Speaker's table, and the result is known. The Government have a majority of nearly three to one! Who shall worthily describe the sequel? It is an hour past midnight, an hour at which some latitude is to be expected and allowed. The spirit of the school-boy lives in the breast of many a middle-aged and elderly M.P. Leaps are made from the floor to the benches, handkerchiefs are waved, huzzas are heard that mean something more than the accomplishment of a party triumph. No one knows what representative national feeling is, or how truly popular English representative government is, till he has beheld such a division in the House of Commons, as in the course of the past month he might have beheld at Westminster. No one who listened to the quality of some, of many, of the speeches which preceded it, will think that there is any reason to bewail the decline of parliamentary oratory in Great

Britain. It is over now; the speakers disperse; the entire series of episodes belongs to history. But the effect remains, and the lesson taught to Englishmen and to the world will not perish.

ROYAL WINDSOR TAPESTRY.

THE mention of the word "tapestry" is apt to induce thoughts and reflections of various character. By skips and bounds, the mind travels from the web of Penelope to that marvellous record of the Norman Conquest written in the tapestry of Bayeux, to the products of the looms of Flanders and Spain, of ancient and modern France. A history of tapestry would be a history of the northern world, of the regions where draughts and chills deprive existence of half its pleasures. A little consideration will tell us that, long before the invention of oil painting, gloomy Norman castles were not only made comparatively warm—they could never have been very cosy—to the body, but also cheerful to the eye, by the rich and costly hangings which concealed the cold grey walls. As art advanced, the tapestry work advanced to bold representations of the battle and the hunting-field, and less exhilarating delineations of the martyrdoms of saints. At the Renaissance, tapestry became, as everybody knows, the vehicle for the inspirations of the greatest artists, and mythological contended with devotional subjects, on the walls of the richly-ornamented palaces which succeeded the grim fortalices of the Middle Ages. In later days, knights and bowmen, saints and martyrs, huntsmen and falconers, faded from the woven walls, their place being taken by the ideal shepherds and shepherdesses of Watteau, Lancret, and Boucher, with their crooks bound with roses and their sheep decked with ribbons; until, had it not been for the manufactories of Gobelins and Aubusson, tapestry would have disappeared altogether as a living expression of art. There is, however, abundant evidence of the various periods of tapestry still extant. When its apparent destructibility is considered, it is wonderful to see how much has survived fire and the slower but certain ravages of damp. The country houses of England alone contain a mine of tapestry, often sadly faded, but full of interest. The long low rooms of Haddon, and the sunny and breezy halls of Hardwick, are rich in tapestry, much of which is still in

good preservation; and immense quantities lie hid away in disused rooms and lumber-closets. It must be confessed that, however rich in colour when of only moderate age, tapestry, when old and faded, hardly conduces to the liveliness of the rooms it adorns. The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian, for instance, a favourite subject, is not a joyful repose for eyes just opening to a wintry dawn; and the tall pale figures in a Judgment of Solomon, or a group of Apollo slaying Marsyas, are not likely to beget pleasant dreams if watched from the recesses of a vast four-poster by the flickering light of a dying fire.

Viewed from an industrial standpoint, tapestry-making is apparently one of the latest-born of the textile arts, or at least the latest imported from the East. Fabrics woven in the ordinary way, and almost every kind of needlework save lace-making, preceded tapestry-work, which is neither real weaving nor true embroidery, but unites both processes in one. Though wrought in a loom and upon a warp stretched out along its frame, it has no long woof thrown across those threads with a shuttle or any like appliance, but its weft is made with many short threads, all variously coloured, and put in with a kind of bobbin. It is not embroidery, although very much like it, for tapestry is not worked upon a web—having both warp and woof—but itself constitutes the fabric. It is not point-lace making, for in this the ground and the flowers are equally made with a needle. It is, in fact, a process distinct from that employed in all other textile fabrics. It is very doubtful whether it is of remote antiquity. Scriptural references would apply equally well to needlework; still, the Eastern origin of tapestry is proved by the fact, that the earliest known specimens recorded in Western Europe are spoken of as Saracen work. From the Infidels the monks learnt the art of weaving tapestry—the work retaining its generic title of *Opus Saracenum*. Save in the monasteries, tapestry-weaving never took any great hold upon the English mind. It is true that recent authorities incline to the view that the Bayeux tapestry was made in London, in the reign of Henry the Second, and presented by that king to the Cathedral of Bayeux, on its rebuilding after being destroyed by fire; but this proves nothing, for the Bayeux fabric is not tapestry at all, but embroidery, worked upon coarse linen with a needle.

That fairly good tapestry was once made in England is proved by the specimen at St. Mary's Hall, Coventry, and a curious reredos for an altar, belonging to the London Vintners' Company. At a later period attempts were made to produce English tapestry—first at Mortlake, and then, many years afterwards, at Soho.

The manufactory at Mortlake was established by Sir Francis Crane in 1619, with the assistance of a grant of two thousand pounds from James the Second. An artist named Francis Cleyne, or Klein, a native of Rostock, in the Duchy of Mecklenburg, was engaged, and in 1625 Charles the First bestowed a grant of a hundred pounds a year upon him, which he enjoyed till the breaking out of the Civil War. The king in the same year commuted a grant, which he had before made to Sir Francis Crane, of one thousand pounds a year into two thousand pounds a year for ten years, for maintaining and upholding the works at Mortlake; and in the same document ordered the payment of six thousand pounds, due to the establishment, for three suits of gold tapestries. Charles gave a further proof of his interest in the undertaking, by allowing five of Raffaello's immortal cartoons to be worked from at Mortlake. A specimen of Mortlake tapestry is to be seen at Hampton Court, and the Duke of Buccleuch has one or more examples. Furthermore, the king proceeded to purchase the whole establishment from Sir Richard, the brother and successor of Sir Francis Crane. During the war, the place, like all royal property, was seized; but the works were carried on through the rebellion, and probably went to ruin under Charles the Second, because that joyous monarch never had a halfpenny to call his own. At Northumberland House, there was a room all hung with large pieces of tapestry, made at Soho, in the year 1758. The designs were by Francesco Zuccherelli, and consisted of landscapes composed of hills, crowned here and there with the standing ruins of temples, or strewed with broken columns, among which groups of country folks are wandering and amusing themselves. Notwithstanding this praiseworthy piece of work, the Soho venture proved a failure, as Mortlake had done before it. Hardly any hesitation need be felt in asserting that nearly all the tapestry in England was imported from abroad, and mostly from Arras and other Flemish towns. Arras became the centre

of tapestry-making at a comparatively early date, and had already stamped the work with its own name by the time of Richard the Second. In the will of John of Gaunt it is thus mentioned: "The piece of arras which the Duke of Burgoyne gave me when I was at Calais; and also two of the best pieces of arras, one of which was given me by my lord and nephew the king, and the other by my dear brother the Duke of Gloucester (whom God pardon), when I lately returned from Spain." At that time the manufacture of tapestry was very successfully practised in Flanders at other places beside Arras. It was carried on at Brussels, Antwerp, Oudenarde, Lisle, Tournay, Bruges, Valenciennes, and Ypres. According to Jubinal, the fabric of Arras was chiefly of wool, hemp and cotton being only occasionally used, and hangings of silk and gold thread being made at Venice and Florence. Tapestry of Arras, representing the battles of Alexander the Great, were by a odd freak of taste sent by the King of France in 1396 to the Sultan Bajazet, as part of the ransom of some captives taken at the battle of Nicopolis. In a grant of the castle of Warwick, made by Richard the Second in 1398 to Thomas Holland, Earl of Kent, special mention is made of a suit of "arras hangings," on which the combat of Guy of Warwick with the dragon was depicted.

It would seem, from the examples above cited, that arras was valued at a very high price. Not only was it used for comfort and beauty, as an internal decoration, but also very largely at tournaments, the performance of mysteries, annual processions, and on other occasions of rejoicing. In 1399, Isabella, the queen of Charles the Sixth of France, entered Paris in state; on which occasion "all the strete of Saynt Denyce was covered over with clothes of sylke and chamlet, such plentie as though suche clothes shulde coste nothyng. And I, Sir Johan Froissart, author of this hystorie, was present and sawe all this, and had great marveyle where suche nombre of clothes of sylke were gotten; there was as great plentie as though they had been in Alysandre or Damas; and all the houses on bothe sydes of the great strete of Saynt Denyce, unto the bridge of Parys, were hanged with clothes of Arras of divers histories, the which was pleasure to beholde."

The delight of Froissart at the quantity of precious stuffs exhibited on a grand occasion, appears to have been perfectly

justified. Tapestry, tedious and difficult as it is to produce, was turned out in immense quantities by the industrious Flemings. Yet, the genuine product of their looms remained so costly, that "counterfeit arras" was made. In the reign of Henry the Eighth, vast importations were made from Flanders. An Act passed in the fourth year of that monarch's rule mentions incidentally the importation of four thousand pieces of tapestry in one ship, and his Majesty appointed one John Mastian as his arras-maker. At the Field of the Cloth of Gold, tapestry and embroidered fabrics shone in gorgeous rivalry. The hangings of Cardinal Wolsey's apartments are particularly mentioned in his inventories. The magnificent hall of his palace at Hampton Court is still adorned by a fine series of tapestries, representing the History of Abraham, bought for him by Sir Richard Gresham. In a couple of letters—given by Sir Henry Ellis in his third series of original letters—Sir Richard advises the cardinal that he has taken the measure of eighteen rooms at Hampton Court, and that the cardinal's grace had such business that speech could not be had of him, and that as the mart was almost ended he could tarry no longer, but has departed "toward the parties of beyonde the see," where he will cause the said hangings to be made with diligence accordingly. Then follows a statement hardly in consonance with the great wealth of Flanders, at the period referred to. Sir Richard reminds the cardinal that the hangings will amount to a thousand marks and more, and that, as the makers of them are but poor men, and must have money beforehand for provision of their stuff, he shall "laye howtt" for the cardinal, "a preste of money to them before hande." Mr. Waring, in *The Art Treasures of the United Kingdom*, mentions that beside Mastian, the king's arras-maker, this kind of work was carried on in the latter part of the same reign by Mr. Sheldon, a private gentleman, who established at Burcheston, in Warwickshire, a manufactory, superintended by an artist named Robert Hicks, in which some pieces were made consisting of maps of English counties. Some fragments of these are mentioned in *Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting*, and are said to have been preserved at Strawberry Hill. In the will of Mr. Sheldon, he mentions Robert Hicks as the only author and maker of tapestry and arras within this realm. Three of these large maps hang, in

good preservation, in the hall of the Philosophical Society's museum, York, but of Robert Hicks and his factory history hath no more to tell.

Probably, on account of the union of Spain and the Low Countries under Charles the Fifth, the finest collection of tapestry in the world is that in the Royal Palace of Madrid. Of one thousand examples of various kinds, the earliest of which date from the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, the finest are from Flemish looms; those made at Madrid, in the manufactory founded by Philip the Second, being very inferior. According to Senor Riano, the earliest of these possess the characteristics of the Van Eyck school, of Quintin Matsys, Mabuse, and other pioneers of Flemish art. Despite these models, and the introduction of Flemish workmen into Spain, tapestry-making never flourished in Madrid. The air of France proved more congenial. Francis the First brought Primaticcio from Italy expressly to make designs for tapestry, which was executed at a manufactory founded by this monarch at Fontainebleau, and placed by him under the direction of Babou de la Bourdaisière, who introduced gold and silver thread very profusely. The establishment was kept up by Henry the Second, and in the year 1597, Henry the Fourth is said to have re-established a manufacture of tapestry on the premises of the Hôpital de la Trinité at Paris, which had suffered by the disorders of the preceding reign. After this it again declined till it was taken in hand by Colbert, who founded the since celebrated manufacture of the Gobelins. It appears that, in the reign of Francis the First, two brothers, named Gilles and Jean Gobelin, introduced from Venice the art of dyeing scarlet, and established works on a large scale in the Faubourg St. Marcel, Paris. So hazardous was the speculation considered, that at first it was dubbed the *Folie Gobelin*, but the excellence of its productions made it a great success. These were the works purchased by Colbert under a royal edict, and converted into a manufactory of tapestry and carpets. The famous Le Brun was appointed Director-in-chief, and produced some celebrated pieces. This establishment became the parent of those at Beauvais and Aubusson. It is now sought to localise this beautiful manufacture in England, and to produce, not only the fine work identified with the Gobelins, but the broader effects of the ancient web of Arras.

At Old Windsor, within gunshot of the spot selected as the scene of Sir John Falstaff's discomfiture, is the Royal Tapestry Manufactory, distinguishable from afar by the Union Jack which streams gaily from its highest point. This institution is a new thing, and is truly—although not yet very vast in its dimensions—a genuine national work, founded on the principle which has called many art-manufactures into existence, and which is diametrically opposed to the economic theories now in fashion. The history of art-manufacture amply explains the principle on which the finest work has been produced—to wit, an absence, at least in the earlier years of manufacture, of the necessity to make a commercial profit on every transaction. It has for some years past been, and still is, with the majority of English people, the fashion to decry the value of royal and distinguished patronage, and to preach the necessity of putting to everything the commercial question, "Does it pay?" Collectors of objects of art know very well that the treasures they value so highly would never have been produced, had the workman had no better guarantee for the continuance of his wages than the market demand for his wares. The matchless *Henri Deux* ware was made at the cost of the liberal lady of the manor of Oiron; the superb majolica under the patronage of the Lords of Urbino and of Faenza; the *pâte tendre* of Sèvres, at almost incalculable expense, under the luxurious Bourbons; the manufacture of the delicious lace known as *point d'Alençon*, was founded by Colbert with national funds, and we are indebted to Butcher Cumberland for Old Chelsea. It is many long years since any manufacture has been founded in this country under royal patronage. Recently, however, an exception has been made in favour of the works now under notice.

A revived taste for tapestry is one of the results of that extraordinary sympathy with every form of art, which is the most marked characteristic of the England of the latter half of this century. Without claiming for the time present any extraordinary amount of wit or wisdom, it is yet allowable to note the contrast between the dwellings and environments of English people now, and those of thirty and forty years ago, when garish vulgarity had invaded the homes of all but a few persons of exceptional wealth and culture. Architecture, furniture, and crockery were alike hideous, meaningless, and tasteless.

It may be good fun to laugh at the little harmless affectations of æsthetic folk, but they have marvellously improved our belongings for all that. The chinaman has supplied material for scores of caricatures, but his influence has in the main been good. It is, in fact, but one expression of that general uprising against the reign of ugliness, which within a few years has lifted decoration to its proper level among the arts. Bit by bit this busy age has been constructing a style of its own, borrowed, it is true, like everything else, in part from what had gone before, and called absurdly enough *Queen Anne*, or *Jacobean*, instead of *Modern English*, its natural and rational designation. By degrees our walls have ceased to be night-mares, and our carpets things of terror. The merit of oak has once more been recognised, and mirrors have reverted to the beautiful forms created in Venice. Last of art-manufactures to be employed in the *Modern English* style of decoration has been tapestry. Prominent among those who desire to restore tapestry to its ancient importance, is Mr. H. Henry, the artist, from whose designs the interior of Sir Gilbert Scott's grand edifice at the London terminus of the Midland Railway was decorated, and who is now engaged in decorating the pavilion for the use of the Prince of Wales during the Paris Exhibition, the Carlton Club, and Mr. Christopher Sykes's fine house in Hill Street. Mr. Henry's fixed idea is, that tapestry judiciously employed gives, especially in this climate, a homelike and essentially comfortable air to an apartment. That this idea is well-founded, will be conceded by all who have seen the private drawing-room, reserved for royal guests, at Goodwood House, on the walls of which glow the splendid productions of the Gobelins factory. Mr. Henry having determined on introducing tapestry largely into his decorative work, thought that this costly material could be made as well in this country as in France, if only a factory could be started. He submitted this idea to Prince Leopold, who concurred with him, and advised him to carry out his project; but Mr. Henry being endowed with prudence, as well as artistic feeling and power, hesitated to add to his other work the responsibility of a large commercial undertaking. Ultimately, the project was submitted to the Queen, and was cordially approved by her Majesty. A Crown grant of fifteen acres of land at Old Windsor supplied a

site for the proposed works, and, eighteen months ago, a committee was formed for carrying Mr. Henry's plan into execution. Prince Leopold consented to act as President, and the Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and the Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) as Vice-Presidents. The committee includes the Duke of Leinster, the Duke of Westminster, the Marquis of Bute, Lord Rosslyn, Sir Richard Wallace, Mr. Cunliffe Owen, the Duchess of Cleveland, Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford, Lady Cowper, Lady Warwick, and Lady Wharncliffe; Lord Ronald Gower officiates as Hon. Sec., Mr. Henry as Director, and Mr. Brignolas as Manager. Convinced that the wisest plan would be to begin on a small scale, Mr. Henry began work at Manor Lodge, and has had the satisfaction of finding that the business of the new manufactory has already outstripped the limits of its first habitation.

A very pleasant morning may be spent at the Royal Tapestry Manufactory. On the ground-floor we find the director's office, hung round with specimens of work already done, and plans for future development. In an adjacent room are arranged the various wools, after being dyed at the dyeing-house, a stone's-throw from Manor Lodge. The wool arrives at the works in the form of unbleached crewel, as it is called, and under the director's eye must be made to take the thousand and one shades required by the "tapesier," as Chaucer calls him. The soft, and yet rich, effect of tapestry is produced by employing a vast number of gradations of colour. Five minutes' study of the portrait of the Queen, produced at the Windsor works, will convince the spectator that enormous patience, as well as keen artistic insight, are required from the "tapesier." To ensure perfect purity and brightness in the colours, only vegetable substances are employed—such as fustic, logwood, and indigo—and insects, or the product of insects, such as cochineal. No mineral is suffered to enter into the dyeing process, save in producing the national colour, scarlet. To produce scarlet, a preparation of tin must be applied to the infusion of cochineal, which then becomes the true Gobelin scarlet-red, subsequently known in this country as Bow-dye, a hue which cannot be produced in silk with a brilliancy approaching that of wool. These vegetable dyes, according to the testimony of experts, will stand air and light for nearly two hundred years without fading

to any serious extent—at least in the opinion of enthusiasts. It is agreeable to note the extreme delicacy of the shades required to secure the soft and delicate outline of the daintiest kind of tapestry, such as the sofa just made for the Queen, which will bear comparison with the finest work of the Gobelins, and the strong colours necessary to produce the brilliant effect for which the old Flemish arras was famous. One important part of the work is not done on the premises—to wit, the preparation of the cartoons. To see this, we must hunt the artists up at their several studios. Mr. E. M. Ward, the royal academician, lives hard by in Windsor, and is now at work on the last of a series of cartoons for tapestry. As best suited to his vehicle and to utilise his experience in painting frescoes of a large size, the artist has designed three spirited hunting scenes, one of which, the Boar at Bay, is ready for the loom. The *Start for the Chase* is in progress at Manor Lodge. These large subjects are intended as decorations for Mr. Christopher Sykes's house, and will have a fine effect on the great oak staircase. Several more large subjects are in progress at the Royal Tapestry Works. Several of these are illustrative of scenes from *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and are intended to decorate the octagonal pavilion now in preparation for the Prince of Wales in the International Exhibition building at Paris. This magnificent apartment has been constructed by the English exhibitors for the sole use of the Prince of Wales. The cartoons for the tapestry have been designed by Mr. T. W. Hay, in Mr. Henry's studio. In reverting to the old Flemish style of tapestry, the director of the Windsor Works is very anxious not only that the rich colouring of the old masters, but their "flat" treatment, should be adhered to. In tapestry of comparatively late date, the vicious principle crept in of giving excessive roundness to the figures—the "correggiosity of Correggio" was outdone, and vulgar rotundity achieved; like that bulbous puffiness visible occasionally on the enamels of Limoges. There was nothing of this during the best period of Flemish tapestry. The old masters recognised that tapestry is a thing to be placed against a wall—to form, in fact, the visible wall—and were far too correct in taste to affect the voluptuous fleshiness which afflicted the work of later artists in tapestry, and made it appear to spring out of its proper position.

In carrying the design of the artist out in tapestry, the cartoon is put beneath the warp, stretched in a loom of ancient pattern, and worked with a treadle, as the artificers of Arras and Ypres worked theirs five hundred years ago. As already explained, the warp is of very strong threads, and the weft is put in—not with one shoot, but piecemeal. The wool, having been dyed, is wound upon bobbins, not unlike those of a pillow-lace maker, and the weaver sits on a narrow bench behind his work. Separating the strings of the warp, for an instant he glances at the face of the cartoon, and then drives his bobbins to and fro, working the treadle with his foot, and bringing the short threads of weft up close with a wooden comb of peculiar make. The odd part of all this is the slight attention he appears to pay to the cartoon. It is only in appearance that he is reckless. After a few steady glances at his work, the outlines and colours of the artist are photographed on his brain, and he works away in calm confidence. It is pretty work to see this tapestry-weaving, and far less bewildering than pillow-lace making, of which the uninitiated can make out nothing at all. Of course the workman is an artist in his way, and has his knowledge at the tips of his fingers.

Turning away and crossing a long gallery, much encumbered by old tapestry, we come upon a bevy of women busily employed in repairing the works of the older masters. This must be done for the most part with the needle, and tedious enough it seems to be. However, the Windsor damsels have taken kindly to it, for with patience and practice they can earn good wages. It will be a longer task to train up a new generation of tapestry-weavers, but there is purpose and energy in the work, and all-powerful fashion has given its verdict in favour of woven pictures.

A NEAR SHAVE.

SOME years ago I was accountant at the Yokohama branch of one of our great Indian banks. At the time of which I am writing the natives of Japan had not entirely lost that simplicity, which made them pay so dearly for the civilisation they now strut about in. The character of the lower classes had not yet been altered by innovation and reform, and the commercial relations between the sons of Nippon and the traders of the West resembled very much

those which Mr. Diedrich Knickerbocker describes as existing between the Dutch traders and the aboriginal Americans under the happy reign of Van Twiller. Difficulties arose occasionally; for John Bull, wherever he has planted his foot, has shown himself generally to be a bit of a bully; and the Japanese, a high-spirited and warlike race, occasionally resented attempts at bullying by drawing their swords in remote, unfrequented places on solitary, defenceless foreigners; the result of which was that Her Britannic Majesty's chargé d'affaires, with very plausible grounds of excuse, generally extorted a pretty round sum from the native government, and by thus appealing to the touchiest point of the Japanese—their purses—procured for a certain interval tranquillity and peace. However, the Japanese soon saw that the Western barbarians really meant nothing worse than trade and barter, so they dropped their pride and their swords, and descended to the arena on equal terms.

Trade was then good; there was less rivalry amongst bankers and merchants than at present, the greed for gain had not yet turned the heads of the natives, tea and silk paid well, and our half-yearly balance-sheets generally showed well on the right side. We had plenty of work to do, but we also had plenty of leisure, and at most times one of our staff could leave his duties for a few days' ramble up country, or a yachting expedition down the bay. For the information of those unacquainted with the office arrangements of the far East, it may be stated that all offices are divided into two distinct sections—the European and the Asiatic. In the European department are the manager or principal, the juniors, and the Portuguese clerks. All the head and book work is done here; there is no paying coin over the counter, or, in fact, any contact with the outer world beyond the mere inspection of drafts and cheques handed in for payment. In the Asiatic section are the comprador, a Chinaman, generally speaking, the petty king of the whole establishment; the "shroffs," also Chinamen, who are the actual receiving and paying cashiers, and who have absolute charge of the counter business, subject, of course, to subsequent checking by the Europeans; and the Japanese coolies. At our bank a European always superintended the weighing of all dollars received during the day at the termination of business hours, saw them packed, and locked up in

the treasury. Beyond this there was little interference with the hard money arrangements on the part of the Europeans; and hence the comprador and schroffs were chosen, not only for their intimate knowledge of all the ins and outs of exchange, and of the thousand and one dodges of the natives, but for their good birth, education, and respectability.

The tea season was well advanced and we were fairly busy; the weather was oppressively hot in our dusty settlement, so the European junior had a fortnight's leave for a ramble up country. I, as accountant, did his work as well as my own, and amongst the extra duties which devolved on me was the weighing of the dollars every evening, and seeing them safely locked up in the treasury. As I went into the office one morning, the comprador met me at the door, grinning all over with excitement, and pointing to a paragraph in the daily paper which announced that one of the great native banks in Curio Street had been robbed of some five thousand pounds' worth of gold coin, and that no trace had yet been found either of the robbers or their booty, remarked: "I think that belong number one clever lobby. S'pose we no can keep sharp look-out allo same happen to us." So I thought, and gave orders that the "momban" or night-gate guard should be doubled, that the treasury locks should be seen to, and that every precaution should be taken to guard against nocturnal visits.

One evening, some weeks after this, when autumn had fairly arrived and the days began to draw in, the comprador told me as we were putting the dollars into the treasury—I had got the notion into my head that I would see them in every night myself, notwithstanding that my junior had long since returned—that some Japanese of high birth and rural position, who had never been into a European settlement before, wished very much to see our treasury, which, from its strength and extent, had gained a name as one of the sights of Yokohama. After consulting with the manager, I acceded to the request, and was introduced to the visitors. They were three in number—a burly, simple-looking old man; his wife, a buxom damsel, many years younger; and a slim, wiry youth, with sharp, restless eyes, which seemed utterly at variance with his clownishly-cut clothes, and who seemed to be a sort of henchman or feudal retainer. They were soon in raptures over the big iron

gates, the complicated locks, the solid plates of the walls, ceiling, and flooring, the symmetrical rows of dollar-bags, and the general appearance of security and strength. None more so than the slim retainer, who was even ultra Japanese in his curiosity, for he inspected locks and bolts, thumped and stamped on iron plates, and enquired incessantly into the dimensions and thickness of the walls, required minute explanation about the foundations—and all with the most artless Boottian air imaginable. I, as showman, allowed them to inspect everything to their hearts' content, carefully, however, inserting myself between them and the dollar-bags, for I had little faith in the immaculate character even of high-bred, rustic Japanese, especially when I called to mind the late great robbery. They must have remained a long half-hour before I suggested that they should come round to the "Junior Hong;" and, as I locked the treasury doors behind them, I think I recollect a twinkle in the eyes of the old comprador as he prepared to take himself off to his opium-pipe behind. However I treated them to a bottle of Heidseick, filled their pouches with Bristol birdseye, and said good-bye in the most affectionate manner at the gates. Then I started for a spin on the running-path, as our annual athletic sports were shortly coming off, and I was in hard training.

It was pretty dark as I came back. Yokohama in those days could not boast of a solitary street oil-lamp, much less a gas-jet, and we had literally to feel our way with the uncertain aid of lanterns from house to house. Still it was not so dark but that I could distinguish three figures on the pathway opposite, in front of a large bungalow, which had been to let for some months past—a large house, with a prolific garden in front, in the midst of which was a huge azalea-bush, another of the sights of Yokohama. The three figures were close together; I could distinguish two men and a woman; and, unless my eyes played me wofully false, they were my rustic friends of the afternoon. However, I thought no more about it, and turned in to dinner. In another day or two, we heard that the bungalow opposite had been let to a highly respectable firm of Japanese merchants, who intended to live there in European style. Workmen were to be seen day and night, repairing, repainting, and generally doing up the place; brand-new furniture was discharged at the doors in van-loads; the garden,

which had become neglected and overgrown with weeds, was replanted and trimmed up; and in a very short time the mouldy old residence had assumed a spick-and-span appearance, which made it a prominent feature on the road.

Matters went on in the usually somewhat monotonous fashion of Yokohama at this season of the year; no more big robberies had been reported, nevertheless I still kept the doubleguard on the bank premises, and never lost sight of the idea, that any relaxation of vigilance might lure daring schemers to make an attempt on our dollar-bags one of these dark autumn evenings.

One evening I was returning from my usual spin on the running-path, and was passing the gate of the bungalow in front of our bank, when something struck me as peculiar in the aspect of the place. On nearer examination, I found that the giant azalea-bush had disappeared. At five o'clock, when I left the bank, I could swear it was there, but as I now peered through the bars of the gate, there was certainly nothing to be seen. This was very extraordinary, for the Japanese are such intense lovers of all that is striking, or picturesque, or beautiful in nature, that the removal of an object such as this gigantic azalea, merely for the sake of convenience, would be in their eyes a gross act of vandalism. I was looking farther into the garden to see if by chance it had been transplanted, and at the end of the piece of ground another unaccountable sight presented itself. Through a side entrance coolies were unloading a cart of dollar-boxes as fast as they could, and by the uncertain glimmer of a lantern, I could see that the man in the cart was my burly visitor of some time previous, and that the man at the house-door was he of the sharp eyes and inquisitive turn of mind, associated with the same visit. What did this mean? If men wanted dollar-boxes in the ordinary course of business, they had them in during the day-time, and not at seven o'clock in the evening. Besides, what could tea and silk dealers want with dollar-boxes? At the time, I put the disappearance of the azalea-bush down to the energy with which the proprietors of the house were embracing foreign notions—the dollar-box question was too much for me.

Judge of my surprise, when the next morning I beheld the azalea-bush in its accustomed place! I certainly wasn't in any way affected by liquor the previous evening, for I was in strict training, and

the disappearance of a huge azalea-bush would have been a trick too great, even for the eyes of a drunken man to be deceived by it. Putting this and the dollar-box business together, I am sorry to say that I began to suspect my rustic friends, but I resolved to wait till the evening, in order to have my suspicions verified. True enough, as I passed the gate at the same hour as on the previous evening, the azalea-bush was gone, and nothing but a bare uneven space marked its site. Well, I knew that azalea-bushes are not, even in eccentric Japan, put out during the daytime, and taken in at night to nurse like tender, delicate exotics, so I called the comprador, told him what I had remarked, and desired him to watch for a night. He told the same story, and my suspicions were confirmed, that something of an extraordinary nature was going on somewhere in the neighbourhood of the bungalow over the way. I set men to watch for the actual operation of carting away the bush, but on the nights when they watched, it remained undisturbed. One man reported that at midnight he had seen the glim of lanterns flitting about in the garden, had heard voices and the sounds of digging, and I watched myself for a night or two, but saw or heard nothing. I put the native police on the scent, but nothing came of it, and I began to think that, after all, it was merely a piece of Japanese eccentricity.

In about a week the athletic sports came off, which meant two half-holidays for the whole settlement, during which time Chinamen devoted their attention to opium-smoking and sleeping, and Japanese to drinking and lounging in wine-shops. On the evening of the last day, to celebrate the victories won, and the cessation from the bondage of training, we of the "Junior Hong" gave a big dinner. It was a cold, wet night in November, and after a good bout at loo and vingt-et-un, we were seated in the drawing-room, talking about the funny phases of our Yokohama life; of the fires, of the stories of men cut down and robbed by Japanese in lonely places, of the extremely clever way in which the Curio Street bankers had been relieved of their gold, of the game laws, of the absurd opposition offered by the government to Europeans going up country, and of a hundred other things, when a boy came in, and whispered in my ear that the comprador wished to see me. In the passage I found the old man, trembling from head to foot with excitement, and utterly unable

to articulate a syllable. He seized me by the arm, hurried me downstairs through our strip of garden to the gate, and simply pointed to the bungalow opposite. The rain had changed to snow, and the keen wind blew down the street in fitful gusts, driving the snow into our faces. Through the mist and snowflakes, after some peering, I could make out the occasional glint of a lantern on the other side, and when the wind lulled for a moment, fancied I heard a grating sound, as of something being dug and shovelled up, immediately under our feet. If I hadn't been told that such a noise had been distinctly heard during the evening by one of the coolies on watch, I do not suppose I should have noticed it, but as I now listened, it was very palpable.

It was all very mysterious; but I had long been suspicious, and, as I was now certain that something unusual was taking place, I came to the conclusion that the treasury of the bank should be looked at. So I sent upstairs for the manager, placed the comprador at the door, ordered all lights to be kept hidden, despatched a messenger to the European police-station for a constable in case of need, and when the manager arrived, armed myself with a dark lantern and gently unlocked the treasury. As we peered through the iron bars into the blackness we distinctly heard the shovelling and digging sound, now much nearer. Enjoining strict silence on the part of the Chinamen and coolies outside, we entered. As yet nothing had been touched. We were, at all events, first in the field.

We trod very gently, the lantern half-darkened, and ensconced ourselves behind a row of dollar-bags. We waited fully half an hour; we could still hear the subterranean noises, but, beyond this and the occasional howl of the elements outside, there was not a sound. Suddenly we heard a very gentle tap in the very middle of the treasury, about three feet in front of our rampart of bags; then another; then a regular series; then a sound as of the application of some lever-power. We turned the lantern-ray round about the floor, and beheld one of the big plates gradually being tilted up; the manager nudged me, and crept gently up to the spot. In a couple of minutes three sides of the plate were loose; a bony hand appeared, followed by a Japanese head. In an instant the manager had seized the head; I had jumped forward, turned the

light full on, between us we had dragged up the remainder of our visitor's body, and in less than a minute I was smiling with grim satisfaction in the stupefied face of my slim and inquisitive visitor of some weeks previous. We gagged him, and tied him up in the office under a guard; the manager ran out at the gate into the garden opposite, taking with him the English constable, whilst I remained in the treasury. In a few seconds I heard the sound of a scuffle, and a subsequent "Hurrah! we've got the lot!" and manager and constable appeared with the burly companion of the captive now under guard, and the fair-cheeked young wife, who turned out to be a very ordinary peasant-man. Our captives secured, I descended the hole in the treasury, found myself in a very neatly-constructed cavern, which led under the road into the opposite garden, and terminating with a shaft on the site of the azalea-bush. Everything tended to show that the whole affair was a carefully-laid plan; and had it not been for the azalea-bush, another twenty-four hours would have seen us the losers of a good many thousand dollars. In the bungalow we found boxes ready for the reception of the dollars and coin, probably the same I had noticed being uncared, but there was no trace of any accomplice.

However, we handed the three clever rogues over to their countrymen for judgment, and they probably found rough accommodation, with an occasional taste of torturing thrown in, for some years at the institution on Tobé Hill. The old bungalow did not let again, but was pulled down and a substantial block of shops and offices erected on its site; so that nothing remains at present to remind the modern Yokohama banker of what we termed, when we told the story, "A near shave!"

STRANGE WATERS.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON,

AUTHOR OF "OLYMPIA," "PEARL AND EMERALD," &c. &c.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER IX. FINIS CORONAT OPUS.

"FECIT Andreas Gordon."

What could it mean? It was not likely that there was a second Andrew Gordon in the world who composed operas. Had he really left a work behind him? And had it come into the hands of John March of Deepweald, ready to be produced just at the moment it was wanted? But just then his eye caught the date—it told him

that Cleopatra had been finished barely four weeks ago.

He was standing, lost in a maze of speculation into which a certain awe of unknown and mysterious impossibilities could not help intruding, when he heard the soft half-rustle of a dress, and Celia, whom he was waiting for, was in the room. But, for the moment, he had two hearts; one was Celia's, the other was mystery's.

The second, being uppermost for the moment, spoke first.

"Good morning. . . . You are not astonished to see me, I hope—I suppose? I—I heard you were in trouble." Somehow, the tables of Lindenheim were turned, and it was Walter of the cool head and ready tongue who was suddenly struck shy before timid Celia. "Can I help you?" Perhaps, after all, that was the best thing to say.

Celia's cheek was always ready to turn from pale to pink, or from pink to pale.

"Yes; we are in trouble. And—I thought I should see you soon."

She had thought nothing of the kind. But she believed she had thought so, since he was here.

"Thank you—if that means I can help you. I must, and I will. Lady Quorne must do something, and she shall—if—I came on purpose to see you. I have been a very poor sort of friend to you; it was easy enough to take care of you at Lindenheim. While I was waiting for you, I was turning over this music. What is it? Do you know?"

"What—you have been touching the score!" she exclaimed in dismay.

"Why not? It is worth looking at; but I don't envy the soprano. Look here—look at this passage, and sing it if you can. Clari could not do that. What is it? I see it is called Cleopatra, but how did it come here?"

"The score? That is my father's great work—that he has been working at ever since I can remember anything."

"Your father?"

"It was his life while we were at Deepweald. And now——"

"Celia—do you remember my telling you, the first time I ever saw you, of Andrew Gordon who composed Comus—the one great English opera that people are just beginning to recognise?"

Did Celia remember? Every word of the walk to Waaren was as fresh in her mind as her first hearing of Clari. The

two things were the epochs from which she dated all things.

"You said you never heard of him—or of Comus; and you say this work is your father's. See here—'Fecit, Andreas Gordon,' and the date, not a month ago. 'Composed by Andrew Gordon,' that means—but what does it mean?"

If his cleverness was at fault, Celia's stupidity was not like to be any better for the purposes of riddle-reading. She dared to touch with just the tips of her fingers, the terrible score which his hands and eyes had profaned, and looked at the words as if they had been Greek—which, though in Latin, they were to her.

"If it means," she said at last, "that the score"—she could not change its name at a moment's notice to Cleopatra—"if it means that, it would not be true—I mean, if it means that the score was composed by Andrew Gordon. It is my father's."

"But—but suppose it means that Cleopatra was composed by both John March and Andrew Gordon——"

"But how——"

"Suppose that Andrew Gordon never died, but became—Heaven knows why—John March of Deepweald?"

Celia could never take new ideas, except slowly. She could only look bewildered at the score.

"I have told you his story a dozen times. We never questioned his death—never. But that was from circumstance; I never heard that there was any direct proof; it was not likely I should, but my father would know. And your father is not an ordinary man, Celia; and he may have had motives of which we know nothing, and a strong one it must have been; it is true he was cut off with a shilling before he—disappeared, as I have always heard. Have you never heard him speak of your mother, Celia?"

"Never. Never once. I never heard of my mother."

"Have you never asked him? Of course not," he added quickly, catching the look on Celia's face that told him, more plainly than words could, what the wildest thought of questioning John March implied to her; an idea beyond grasping, not by reason of its novelty, but of its preposterous impossibility. "And you never remember any place but Deepweald. If your mother had died there—do you know if your father lived there long before you remember?"

Had she spoken her real belief she would

have said, "As long as the cathedral." The cathedral, the score, and John March were one and indivisible to her.

"No? Do you know nothing of your father's former life at all?"

"Nothing at all."

"You had a mother—and she gave you her eyes. We are cousins, Celia."

Celia was feeling faint, as before a general upheaving and confusion of all nature. We all have to distinguish between knowing and knowing at some turn of life—between knowing that a fact is true, and knowing that it is at the very root of life, and that if it were not true something would be gone that stands between us and such untheoretical things as happiness or despair. Some day we learn not only that love, for example, simply is, but is for our own very selves; some day we find the river that we only knew of by knowledge actually carrying us down to the sea. If this were all true, human life, though at the commonest inlets, was trying to pour in upon Celia. She felt it beating outside, and was too bewildered to give it any welcome but that of vague dismay.

The conclusion to which he had leaped startled even Walter. At least he felt that he should be startled so soon as he had time. A new element of romance took years from his heart, which, though he must be full eight-and-twenty, had not yet grown so very old. That not only should Andrew Gordon, the Bohemian, have been his hero, but that unheard-of Celia Gordon, all unknown, should have been his heroine; that two such diverse paths should have led them to Lindenhein, and then have circled round and round till they were brought together again at Saragossa Row—they had been strange currents of destiny indeed. All his best and strongest self went out to the heroine of his romance, of his heart, as he took her hand.

"Yes—it's as true as that you are you. You know nothing of your father. I know so much of my uncle that he may indeed have come to live again without black magic or miracle. Yes—John March is Celia Gordon's father; my cousin Celia is Celia of Lindenhein. Were we not friends from the first moment we ever met? Not that that had much to do with our fathers being brothers, though. We are made ten thousand times nearer than they are. Do you know how I was drawn to you the first moment I saw you? It was as if you had been given into my charge, when you first dropped among us all, like

a frightened dove out of some unknown skies, among us starlings and jays. Well, thank Heaven, there is nothing to keep me from helping you now, all I can."

"You have always been too good to me."

"I? I have done nothing for you—not one single thing. I have been calling myself a blind brute every minute for the last ten days. But I know what things mean now."

It was more than Celia knew. Indeed, this new kinship, which he welcomed as a direct way of bringing Celia into his life, and of solving a thousand difficulties at home which he recognised, and felt none the less deeply for ignoring and scorning them, put into her heart a root of bitterness. So Walter had helped her because some natural instinct of kindred had bidden him—that was all. She felt a dream, not quite flying away, but putting out its wings to fly. But then—after all, it was only a dream which had not even a name. The dumb pain that came from the spreading of its wings was itself so vague and nameless that she mistook it for a sort of ingratitude. Ought she not, for her father's sake, to be glad if all this were true? And, since Herr Walter believed it, true it must needs be.

"You have done all things for me!" she said with an eager impulse to make up in warmth of zeal for the shamefully and selfishly ungrateful coldness with which she had learned that Walter was so much nearer to her than her friend. For she was so utterly ignorant of what kindness means that she assumed consinship and brotherhood to be more than friendship; as if accident were a closer bond than free choice, or to be named in the same breath with it. "Yes—everything." The tenderest light was coming into her face, for shame for ingratitude was not an impulse to make the shyest of girls ashamed; she felt warmth come into her own voice, and, for once, let herself go. "You have been the only friend I ever had. Do you know what that means to me? Of course that had to be over when you left Lindenhein—there was nothing you could do; and why should you? I never thought of it, indeed. I don't know, but it seems as if I had a life past helping, except by stray bits of sun, like you and Lotte, that come out and go in again—but they do come! If only my father was made safe, I should be—happy. I should go to sleep, and not dream of pence. Oh, Herr Walter,

do you know how I want to say 'Thank you,' as well as feel it all through and through me, and don't know how? Can you know without my telling? I don't know how to get words—I never did want them before. Thank you, for the sun."

To live alone with a deaf man, who had never talked to her even in his hearing days, is no preparation for eloquence, nor to have lived for three years with two incessant talkers in a crowd, for expansion; and one's words at best are bound to be vague when one wishes to say 'Thank you' with one's whole heart for a golden mist, and can find no more definite and tangible peg for one's gratitude than a pair of kid gloves, a cab fare, and a bank-note for five pounds. Celia could not mention these, especially the money. It needed no knowledge of the world to tell her that the most delicate way of taking a delicate loan is to say, as delicately as possible, nothing. But to Walter she had grown eloquent, and a very little expansion with her was doubled by its novelty. And all the more his heart smote him with shame at thanks that he had never earned.

"Celia," he said, very gravely, "do you know—don't you know why I came to see you to-day? It was to tell you that I have been a fool. It has taken me five years to find out why you drove every thought of every other girl on earth out of my head from the first time we ever met—that day when we went to Waaren. Our being cousins had nothing to do with that, Celia. I have six cousins besides you. That morning I thought myself over head and ears in love with Ilma. You know I never spoke six words to her again. And since that day I have been rolling on, from nowhere to nowhere, and no woman has ever been nearer to me than Ilma was when I left Lindenheim." He forgot a rather strong flirtation with a certain famous prima donna not five months ago, and perhaps another parenthesis or two, but he forgot them honestly. "And—when I met you at Deepweald, I knew why." It had been in truth much later; but love always antedates itself when it becomes self-conscious, and draws on itself at first sight as sublimely regardless of fact as any other forger. "And ever since I have known better and better. I did not come to find a cousin, Celia; no, nor a friend. No, nor only Celia—aus Lindenheim. Do you remember," he went on with acute incoherency, though with chronic fluency, "that day? You had taken your first

singing lesson, when I met you on the way to the Golden Lion, and when——"

Celia, instead of flushing under this new outbreak of sunshine, turned pale; not like a hungry red rose, but like a white one, for whom the open light is too strong. The wings of the dream on the verge of flight fluttered wildly, but not as if they were about to fly away. Her father's heart had opened and closed again, but hers had never opened; and the effort was as painful for the warm breeze to enter as for the cold. Indeed, how can she, who only as yet hears the wind on the outside of doors and windows, tell whether it be from east or from south till it has fairly burst the window-pane? At any rate, she knew one thing—that this was no flirtation à la Lindenheim. One may mistake the wind's quarter, but not the summer in one's own heart for mere spring.

"And when," began Walter again, with one hand pressing down hard on Cleopatra, when, suddenly——

"Good morning," spoke in a tone of deep, patient melancholy, a voice from the inner door—harsh, faint, and hollow, as if heard from farther still. "I have long abandoned the theory that an Englishman's house is his castle, not to speak of his lodging. But those sheets are at least my own, and I should be infinitely obliged if you could find another place for your hands. I will not ask you to give me the pleasure of your company, because you will no doubt give me that so long as it pleases you. Celia, give me my pipe, if you are not too busy; and if Mr.—the doctor, calls, tell him I am quite well, and mean to keep so, in spite of him. I don't suppose that will keep him out, but one can but try."

With more than a sigh Walter had to accept the fact that this was his romance hero—this bitter, sour, grotesque creature, with a crazed brain, and suffering from impotent tyranny. What could he do? A deaf man may silence heart-speech by his presence as much as if he could hear the faintest whisper in the farthest corner. Celia had not spoken, save in the plain language that love alone can never read; and he could not, extemporising a speaking-trumpet with the sacred score, bawl out: "You are my lost uncle—I love Celia—I want to marry her."

Walter knew, by an instinct drawn from the only interview he ever had with John March, that for anyone but his daughter to write conversation for him was to

wound him sorely. He thought, shall I write him a letter? So far, at least, as he thought of anything but his interrupted tête-à-tête with Celia. But then a letter would be both lame and absurd, and he had a chronic aversion to letter-writing, being human and of his own time. And in any case he could not mention his discovery at the end of the score; he had been told, in so many words, that even his having laid his hand upon it was unpardonable profanation. He glanced at Celia; but he got no help there. She had turned away and was folding up the mantilla.

Under the circumstances, no possible resource could have been brilliant. Perhaps that which Walter desperately took to was as little dull as any. He took from his breast-pocket, where chance had placed it and presence of mind remembered it, the last printed criticism of Comus—a piece of glowing praise. Print could not hurt the deaf man, and any musician was presumably interested in reading of the music that chanced to be going on.

John March read it through slowly, from beginning to end.

"I don't know why you show this stuff to me," he said, with grim scorn. "So that wretched sham, that vile rubbish, is still on the boards? Well, I knew it would be an era in the degradation of art, and so it has proved. It is just as well to know that there is more need of a reformer than ever—only it will make his work harder by five-and-twenty years; each year with three hundred and sixty-five nails in art's coffin. I'll show you what Comus is worth." He tore up the cutting and threw the pieces where the fire should have been. "I won't even degrade my pipe by lighting it with what a fool writes in praise of a charlatan. And so—if you care to know it—you know what John March thinks of Andrew Gordon."

That one eccentric musician should despise the work of another, were that other Beethoven himself, was not strange; but that a musician should despise his own work, and that work the greatest and most famous of his time and country, should not even have heard of its triumph, and, when he heard of it by chance, should be thrown into a rage—all this was not strange, it was impossible. In the

face of that had he seen "Fecit, Andreas Gordon," written a hundred times over, he could not believe his own eyes. It must have been "Fecit, Johannes March;" and his mind, preoccupied with necromancy, must have acted as necromancer. Surely, had a true, great artist, Walter felt, heard of the revived triumph, after five-and-twenty years, of a true, great work, like Comus, his eyes would have flashed with the joy of living fame. No; that Walter's eyes should have deceived him was incredible; but this was impossible, simply and utterly.

He heard Celia say, without leaving the mantilla, "Go."

Fate had triumphed. The fools had been too much for one man, however strong, to conquer, raged the master within himself, as he fell into his old trick of striding fiercely up and down, lion-wise. Celia knew the mood and kept still. Comus revived, Comus triumphant—all the ruined hope, all the cruel disappointment, all the bitterness of a life, lost glory, wasted strength, lost love, concentrated in fifty lines of praise. It was more than mortal strength could bear. And meanwhile, there lay Cleopatra, never to be heard, to make sport for Philistines in far-off times to come.

Suddenly his eyes fell on Celia; he could not see hers, but one need not see tears to know where they are. And through his rage came back the look of appeal thrown to her by Walter, and the downcast face that had not raised itself to answer him. Another man would at least have laid his hand on her shoulder or touched her hair. Not he. He laid hold of Cleopatra.

"Let him take her, or any man that can keep her," he swore aloud, "and the devil take the score." And, in a second, the sole record of a life's work was torn once lengthwise, once breadth-wise, and lay in four different quarters of the room.

Having thus pulled down his house of cards, he lighted his pipe with trembling fingers, and sought to exorcise the demon by smoking grimly. Celia dared not look, or think, or feel; had Deepweald Cathedral itself come down, it would have been nothing to this. The windows that kept out the open air from blowing into her life had not been opened, but dashed to pieces by a storm.

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